

WEATHER—Fair To-Night and Sunday.

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The World.

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EXTRA

PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1903.

WORLD KILL RIVAL WIFE

Albert Lucas Married Twice and Young and Old Come Together.

FORMER LURED LATTER.

Was Most Sympathetic and Begged Her to Share Home with Her in Orange

POLICE WATCHED HER

Old Woman Flees from House and Declares Attempt Was Made to Murder Her.

Two women, both spurred to desperation because of the faithlessness of the man who had called both wife, met before the bars of a cell in Orange Jail to-day and denounced the destroyer of their happiness. While they spoke to him, Albert Lucas, of No. 27 McChesney street, Orange, paced up and down his cell, calmly smoked a cigarette and smiled indifferently.

One woman was handsome, the bloom of youth on her cheeks. She was in deep mourning for one of her children, who died only two days ago. Only the interference of Policeman Barry, of Orange, saved this unhappy woman from being the slayer of the other woman last night when she lured wife No. 12 to her home with soft voice and kind words.

She had sympathy for her, but in the night the mother instinct—she has three children—came to her. She became desperate and she determined to kill the woman who she alleged had come between her and the man she had married.

Other Woman Older.

The other woman was old and haggard. Lucas was the father of five of her children. After she had denounced him she was overcome. She covered her face with her hands and her thin frame was shaken with sobs.

Albert Lucas's arrest was brought about yesterday after a stop-showered, thin woman called at his home in McChesney street.

"I am Marie Lucas," she said. "I am Mrs. Albert Lucas."

"You are not my husband's wife," replied Mrs. Marie Lucas, wife No. 2.

"I married Albert twenty-one years ago," replied the older woman. "He disappeared sixteen years ago from our home in the old country. Four of my children have since died."

The woman produced a marriage certificate proving her to be Albert Lucas's wife. "I married him fifteen years ago," said Annie Lucas. "I married him in Brooklyn. Four children were born to us. My little girl died last week. She, too, produced a marriage certificate."

Went to Police Station.

Arm in arm the two women went to the police station. They were met by Capt. Leary how Lucas had married them both and had families by them both. They both produced marriage certificates. Lucas's arrest followed.

Both wives were at the police station when he was brought in. When the cell door closed behind him the younger woman sobbed and fled from the station-house. The older woman walked to the street with never a word.

There she met wife No. 2. The latter was waiting for her. She was pale and dried. She no longer appeared desperate or even excited. She was calm, even smiling. When she said last week. "She, too, produced a marriage certificate."

"Come home with me, you poor woman. Come, share my home with me. It is surely your home at this time," she said to me and you have first claim upon him."

Wife No. 1 accepted this hospitality and arm in arm the two wives walked toward McChesney street. Police Capt. Leary was watching them.

"Barry," he called to a policeman, "keep a watch on that Lucas woman. She is desperate. She may mean mischief."

The sun was just rising when Barry heard a scream coming from the Lucas home. The front door was burst open and the old woman, hair disheveled and night clothes torn and ashy, rushed to the street.

Alleged Murder Plot.

"She's trying to murder me," the frightened woman cried. "She attacked me in the night. I know now why she wanted me to stop at her house."

With Barry the woman went back into the house. The young wife was hysterical. Her whole body was screaming. The house was in an uproar.

The policeman took the woman to the station-house. There she was cared for until the time came for Lucas's trial to-day.

Wife No. 2 came to the station-house early. She was well dressed, and if there were tears a thick mourning veil concealed them. She was calm and composed, and when she raised her veil she was smiling.

"You were unduly frightened," she said to wife No. 1. "You must have had bad dreams last night. You are poor woman, and she placed her arm about the waist of the other. 'Come back to my house to-night. You must be my guest.'"

Wife No. 1 recoiled at the embrace. She shrank away from the demonstration of affection. An angry look came over her face.

"Never again," she shared the same doof with you again," she cried.

MABEL HUNTER, ELOPING HEIRESS, SOUGHT BY DETECTIVES



AURORA BOREALIS PAYS NEW YORK A BRIEF VISIT

Wondrously Beautiful Spectacle Appeared in the Heavens Early This Morning—Its Influence Tied Up the Telegraph Service.

New Yorkers in the streets between 2 and 4 o'clock this morning saw the strange phenomenon of the aurora borealis, or northern lights. The brilliant display lasted for more than two hours, and while it dazzled the eyes of thousands here and far to the westward the electrical influences completely paralyzed the telegraph service into the city.

Faint streaks of light were seen in the northern skies soon after midnight, but they did not attain enough prominence until almost two hours later to attract the general attention of persons in the street. It was the first display of the aurora seen in New York in ten years.

Following the first rays long, thin streamers shot up almost to the zenith. Wondering groups gathered at every corner and sought places of vantage as the white lights gave way to a more brilliant and beautiful display. Hundreds gathered in Riverside Drive, for the view up the Hudson was one of exquisite beauty. The splendor of the majestic river enhanced the beauty of the lights.

The gray, green, purple and red were blended in a splendid bow that stretched far across the heavens, and from this the luminous rays shot upward. The moon was paled by the brilliant coloring, and the stars in the northern skies were obscured.

LIKE A GREAT GLITTERING CROWN.

The colors of the bow deepened and the offspring rays became more dazzling until the observer on the earth it seemed as a great, glittering crown. No monarch's gems could diffuse rays of such beauty as those of nature.

The quivering rays, as they shot toward the zenith, distorted themselves into odd and fanciful shapes that the imagination turned into queer animals and forms. These quickly changed, adding new wonders to the eye momentarily. The scene was an ever-changing panorama that fascinated and held the spectators spellbound.

Soon after the display was at its height the telegraph instruments became affected. The wires from the West gave the most trouble, and in broken messages it was learned that the aurora was being seen by thousands all over the country.

It was not long, however, before all service was at a standstill, and the West was entirely cut off. The Western Union's lines into New York were all out of commission at 4 o'clock and it was several hours before the service was resumed.

LINES TIED UP FOR HOURS.

"We can't tell how far the influence of the electrical display was felt," said the wire chief in the Broadway office, "for many points are still unable to reach us. For hours the lines were completely tied up."

The Postal lines were in little better shape. At 4 o'clock the service west of Pittsburgh and Buffalo became ragged and only occasional flashes were received. It became worse steadily, until it was almost useless to try to communicate with points outside a small circle.

The telephone lines of the city were little affected, but the long-distance lines were not working. It was impossible to talk to cities at any distance, and the disturbance made the long-distance wires buzz and crack.

MARCONI SYSTEM NOT INTERRUPTED.

The first impression is likely to be that the aurora would most probably disarrange the wireless telegraph service completely. On the contrary the Marconi system was not affected whatever.

The official in charge of the local office said to-day:

"I cannot explain why, but, while the aurora puts the regular telegraph

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TEN QUESTIONS TO THE DEMOCRATS OF NEW YORK

1. If you were stockholders in a corporation spending \$105,000,000 a year, would you vote to intrust its management to Seth Low and the men he has called about him in the present city government, or to George B. McClellan and the Tammany district leaders?

2. Mr. McClellan has declared himself a "partisan to the backbone" in the administration of city affairs. Partisan government is conducted upon the theory that "to the victors belong the spoils." Party rule in this case means Tammany rule, and Tammany rule is boss rule. Do you think it wise and prudent to turn the city government over to Murphy and his hungry politicians?

3. How can the interests of the Democratic party at large be promoted by putting again in power an organization of which Mr. Grout has said "it is not a political party, but an organization for the purpose of enabling some people to make money?"

4. More than 50,000 Democrats voted in 1901 to condemn the Croker-Van Wyck administration, of which Mr. McClellan said: "We have done well; ours is the credit and ours the honor. We have nothing for which to apologize." Is the man who gave that indorsement of what Democrats condemned a fit man to make Mayor?

5. Mr. McClellan announces that "under no circumstances" will he retain Gen. Greene as Police Commissioner. Do you want another Devery at the head of the police?

6. The tax-dodging trolley and gas companies, the franchise grabbers and street-ripping contractors are "putting up money" for the Murphy ticket. Do you imagine they are doing it for the public good, or for their private interest?

7. All the saloons, dives, gambling-houses and ex-pool-room keepers are working for the Tammany ticket. Do you think this promises good government in case it is elected?

8. The triumph of Murphy in the election would result in the destruction of the Independent Kings County Democratic organization and its malignant assimilation by Tammany Hall. Do you think this result would be conducive to the true interests of the Democratic party?

9. Tilden was nominated and elected in 1876 against the bitter opposition of John Kelly and the Tammany organization. Cleveland was nominated and elected in 1884 and again in 1892 in spite of the angry protest of Tammany Hall, voiced by Bourke Cockran and Richard Croker. Was it not because the Democrats of the nation respected and trusted Tilden and Cleveland "for the enemies they had made?" Was not Tammany hostility regarded as a certificate of merit? And did not the National Conventions dare to override the protest of Tammany BECAUSE Kings County, holding the balance of power in the State organization, was not under Tammany control?

10. With Kings County Tammanyized the control of the Democratic party in the Greater New York and in the State would pass absolutely into the hands of the boss of Tammany Hall. Does not the welfare of the party in the State and the nation require that the Democracy of Kings County shall remain "free and independent?" And does not this manifestly demand the defeat of the entire Murphy ticket?

ELOPING GIRL IS AN HEIRESS

Miss Mabel Hunter Mysteriously Vanishes from New York Central Train Between Chicago and New York.

Between Chicago and New York Mabel Hunter, an heiress, vanished from a New York Central express and the only word her friends have received from her is:

"I have married Charlie, and we are on our honeymoon."

That might be clear if the young woman's friends only knew who "Charlie" is. They do not, and their perturbation over the vanishing of the heiress is increased by fear that "Charlie" is a fortune hunter.

So detectives have been put to work to find her who was Miss Hunter, and is Mrs. —

Advertisements for the missing couple have failed to bring a response, and E. C. Hegler, cousin of the missing girl, is instituting a vigilant search for the pretty heiress.

"Miss Hunter's disappearance at first led us to think she had been the victim of foul play," said Mrs. E. C. Hegler, of No. 27 Manhattan avenue, to an Evening World reporter to-day.

"Mabel has just been graduated from a convent in Chicago and I expected her here to visit me for a short time. Her aunt, with whom she lives, wrote me to meet Mabel at the Grand Central Depot Thursday morning."

Went to Meet Her.

"I went to meet her, but she did not

come. I knew she had left Chicago, for her aunt had telegraphed me after her departure, so I naturally began to worry."

"Yesterday afternoon I received a letter that has thrown us all into confusion."

"Have married Charlie. Hope you won't be angry. You surely didn't think I came all the way from Chicago just to see 'this old New York,' did you? Please break the news to Aunt Sarah. Charlie and I are off for a honeymoon. Don't worry."

E. C. Hegler, who is secretary of the Black Satin Polish Company, has wired to Chicago for information, but the young woman's relatives have no idea as to who Charlie is.

She is an Heiress.

Miss Hunter is a wealthy young woman who inherited a large fortune from her father two years ago. Since her mother's death, four years previously, she has been under the care of an aunt in Chicago. She is only nineteen, and her relatives here fear that some one has married her for her money.

Being a convent bred girl, Miss Hunter had few young men acquaintances. The only one by the name of Charlie the New York relatives can think of is a Northwestern College man, the brother of one of her aunts.

They are inclined to the theory, however, that some world-wise person has taken advantage of the girl's innocence in the hope of getting possession of her fortune.

Detectives have been out on the case and an endeavor is being made to bring Mabel and the mysterious Charlie back to her relatives.

What Did He Mean?

"I would like to know what Tom Bechtel meant," said the District Attorney to-day, "when he said to Eckstein a few minutes before he cut his throat. 'Wouldn't it be good if we could only die together.'"

THOUSANDS BET ON RESULT OF GAME.

All week they have been laying odds that Yale will win. Three to one has been the prevailing odds, with Columbia on the short end. But that is not discouraging to the wearers of the light blue and white. Three to one was the price quoted against them in the Pennsylvania game, and yet they won. So Columbia does not care if she risks a 100 to 1 chance. One thing they know, and that is that they will be fighting when the referee blows his whistle at the end of the game, whether or not Yale is many points to the good.

Nothing but an estimate can be made of the amount of money placed on the result to-day. It is up to \$25,000 is up to conservatism. Besides that, there is a

(Continued on Sixth Page.)

ALL BECHTELS ARE GUILTY

So Says Chief of Police Eastman To-Day and He Gives Reasons.

LOOKS FOR CONFESSION.

It Was Expected that Mrs. Bechtel Would Tell of Her Daughter's Murder.

BROTHERS ARE DEFIANT

They Adhere to Their Original Story and Declare that Tom Bechtel Was Not the Slayer.

(Special to The Evening World from a Staff Correspondent.)

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Oct. 31.—"We have sufficient evidence," said Chief of Police Eastman to-day, "to convict every member of the Bechtel family of being accessories after the fact to the murder of Mabel Bechtel. We expected that Mrs. Bechtel would make a clean breast of it all yesterday. When she did not there was only one thing left for the Coroner to do, and that was to hold her and her daughter Martha and her two sons on the charge which we have against them."

"We are satisfied that the police have worked out the correct theory in the case, and all we need now is a confession from some one closely connected with or who is a member of the family."

An effort has been made all day by members of the Bechtel family to obtain bail for the sons John and Charles. The attorneys having failed in this have prepared an application to be filed on Monday with Judge Trexter, for a writ of habeas corpus.

The two sons under arrest still continue to protest their ignorance of everything connected with the crime beyond what they have already told.

Brothers Stick to Their Story.

"We have told all we know," said John Bechtel to-day in his cell at the County Jail to a reporter of The Evening World. "My brother Tom knows nothing whatever about the murder of Mabel Bechtel. My mother knows nothing either. I am not afraid of what is to come. Charlie is not afraid. We have told the truth. When we refused to testify yesterday it was not because we were afraid, but because our attorney told us not to say anything."

Mrs. Bechtel was in such a state of collapse today that her daughter refused to permit her to be seen.

Despite this fact the old woman was taken to Police Headquarters and examined by the District Attorney. She had nothing to add to the statement she made on Tuesday last, but she had discovered the body of her daughter in the cellar alleyway; that she had heard unusual sounds between midnight and 1 o'clock on Monday morning until she came upon her remains the next day.

It has been asserted that political influence, aroused through sympathy, put in Tom Bechtel's name for the position of the Bechtel home by the son who called his life by cutting his throat.

The Knife Was His Own.

Investigation proves this to be absolutely false. The knife that the young man used to take his life belonged to him and had been used by him in shucking corn during the week. The police searched him carefully upon his arrest, but found no weapon of any kind. It is the impression that he hid the knife in his shoe.

Tom Bechtel was buried to-day in the Union Cemetery beside his sister Mabel. The funeral was held from an undertaker's place, and drew to it as many of the curious as the girl's interment did. Between 2,500 and 3,000 people followed the body to the grave.

The body of the suicide was dressed in a suit of clothes that he had bought for his confirmation at the Lutheran Church. The religious inclination of Tom Bechtel, which has just come to light, has started the District Attorney on a new line of investigation, which only goes, however, to the theory maintained thus far by the police that the murder was committed in the Bechtel home by the son who called his life by cutting his throat.

Some persons here believe religion awakened in him a feeling of protest against his sister's manner of life that blazed out in a frenzied attack on the erring girl.

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TWELVE FOOTBALL PLAYERS KILLED IN TRAIN WRECK

They Were Members of the Purdue University Team and Were on Their Way to Play a Game with the Indiana State University Eleven at Indianapolis To-Day.

TRAGEDY TOOK PLACE ON THE BIG FOUR RAILROAD.

Wreck Occurred at Riverside Park on the Outskirts of Indianapolis--Nearly Every Member of the Team, as Well as Many of the Other Travellers, Were Injured.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 31.—The Big Four express, with the football team of Purdue University, at Lafayette, was wrecked near Riverside Park to-day just as the train was entering this city.

The cars were piled up in a mass of broken timbers.

It is impossible yet to tell how many are killed, but so far twelve have been dug from the wreck.

Nearly every member of the football team, which was to have played with the Indiana State University to-day, was either killed outright or seriously injured.

MONSTER CROWD FLOCKS TO YALE-COLUMBIA MATCH

Old Eli's Giants Are Favorites in the Betting Over Columbia, the Odds Being 3 to 1 on the New Haven University Team.

Banked about an oblong space laid out in white squares on the surface of the Polo Grounds there are about 35,000 persons this afternoon, and waving over them are the dark blue pennants of Yale and the light blue pennants of Columbia.

Rolling back from the Speedway bluff and reverberating from the hills of the Bronx across the Harlem River there is a stunning wave of sound, in which the college cries of the two institutions are curiously intermingled. And down on the gridiron presently twenty-two young men will be pushing and sweating and fighting and running and tugging in the first great football game in this city of the season.

Such an outpouring has never before been witnessed. The day was warm for the players, but ideal for the spectators. The pleasant sunshine and the gentle wind invited outdoor recreation. New Yorkers turned out in force to cheer the city's favorite college, while Yale supporters were not backward. Few graduates residing in this city failed to attend and hundreds came from other parts of the country. The college grounds at New Haven are practically deserted to-day.

A year ago no such enthusiasm could have been wrought. Columbia did not have the team then worthy of the consideration of those who love the sport for sport's sake. She was lacking in material, in candidates and in fact everything which goes to make a first-class eleven—one which could be classed with the "big four."

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